THE

Deuce is in Him.

A

FARCE

OF

TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

——— *Stans pede in uno.* HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOEVER has read the very entertaining collection of Moral Tales, lately publiſhed by M. Marmontel, will immediately diſcover, that the firſt hint of this little piece was taken from the epiſode of Lindor, in the SCRUPULE; and the ridiculous conceit of being beloved *for one's own ſake, for one's ſelf alone*, is alſo admirably expoſed in the firſt of thoſe Tales, called ALCIBIADE, *ou, le* MOI.

That part of the fable which relates to Mademoiſelle Florival, is taken, with ſome alteration, from a Story, originally publiſhed in one of the numbers of the Britiſh Magazine, and ſaid to be founded on fact.

After theſe acknowledgments, nothing farther remains but to return thanks to the Public for the very favourable reception they have given to this little piece, and to the Performers for their great care and uncommon excellence in the repreſentation.

PROLOGUE.

THE Deuce is in Him! *What the deuce*
(I hear you cry) can that produce?
What does it mean? what can it be?
A little patience—and you'll ſee.
Behold, to keep your minds uncertain,
Between the ſcene and you this curtain!
So writers hide their plots, no doubt,
To pleaſe the more, when all comes out!
Of old the Prologue told the ſtory,
And laid the whole affair before ye;
Came forth in ſimple phraſe to ſay,
*" 'Fore the beginning of this Play,**
" I, hapleſs Polydore, was found
" By fiſhermen, or others, drown'd!
" Or —— I, a gentleman, did wed
" The Lady I would never bed,
" Great Agamemnon's Royal Daughter
" Who's coming hither—to draw water."
Thus gave at once the Bards of Greece
The cream and marrow of the Piece;
Aſking no trouble of your own
To ſkim the milk, or crack the bone.
The Poets now take diff'rent ways:
E'en let them find it out for Bayes!
And Tragedy as well might ſwagger
Without Blank Verſe, or Bowl, or Dagger,
As Farce attempt the arduous Taſk,
To walk abroad without her Maſk.
A Poet, as once *Poets us'd,*
To poverty was quite reduc'd.
No Boy on errands to be ſent,
On his own meſſages he went:
And once, with conſcious pride and ſhame,
As from the Chandler's-ſhop he came,
Under his thread-bare cloak, poor ſoul!
He cover'd——half a peck of coal.
A Wag (his friend) *began to ſmoke,*
—George! tell us, what's beneath your cloak?

* The lines marked with turned commas, are taken from a poem called Shakeſpeare, an Epiſtle to Mr. Garrick. See *Lloyd's Poems, p.* 57.

—Tell you! it were as well to ſhow—
I hide it—that you ſhou'd not know.
Yet Farce and Title, One to t'other
Shou'd ſeem, like Soſias, *a Twin-Brother.*
Prologues, like Andrews at a Fair,
To draw you in, ſhou'd make you ſtare.
" The notified! the only Booth!—Walk in!
" Gem'min in here!—juſt going to begin!"
And if our Author don't produce
Some character that plays the Deuce;
If there's no frolic, ſenſe, nor whim,
Retort! and play the dev'l with him!

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Colonel TAMPER,	Mr. O BRIEN.
Major BELFORD,	Mr. PACKER.
PRATTLE,	Mr. KING.
SERVANT,	Mr. STRANGE.
EMILY,	Miſs POPE.
BELL,	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Mademoiſelle FLORIVAL,	Miſs PLYM.

The Deuce is in him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room in* Emily's *Houſe.*

Enter Emily *with a Letter open in her hand*—— *and Mademoiſelle* Florival *in Man's Cloaths.*

EMILY.

BE aſſured that I will do every thing in my power to ſerve you; my brother knew that he might command my ſervice:—be comforted, I beſeech you, Madam.

FLORIVAL.

You cannot wonder, Madam, that I ſhould be ſhocked, extremely ſhocked, at the cruel neceſſity of appearing before you in ſo indelicate a diſguiſe.

EMILY.

Indeed you need not; there is ſomething in your manner which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to enquire into the particulars of your ſtory, 'till your mind is more at eaſe.

FLO-

FLORIVAL.

Alas, Madam, it is my intereſt to make you acquainted with my ſtory. I am the daughter of Monſieur Florival, a French phyſician, in the iſland of Belleiſle.—An Engliſh officer, who had been deſperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the ſake of due attendance, taken into my father's houſe, and as I, in the very early part of my life, had reſided in England, he took ſome pleaſure in my converſation: In a word, he won my affections, and aſked me of my father in marriage; but he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices ſo common between the two nations, forbad the officer his houſe; but not before we were, by the moſt ſolemn engagements, ſecretly contracted to each other.

EMILY.

May I aſk the officer's name?

FLORIVAL.

Excuſe me, Madam! 'Till I ſee, or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will ſcarce ſuffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with——

EMILY.

I beg your pardon——I hope, however, you have no reaſon to think yourſelf neglected or forgotten?

FLORIVAL.

Oh! no, far from it. He was ſoon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's preſſing me to conſent to another match, my paſſion——I bluſh to own it——tranſported me ſo far, as to depart abruptly from Belleiſle. I came

came over in an Engliſh ſhip to Portſmouth, where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to ſend me, to find the officer. But judge of my diſappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the ſiege of the Havannah.

EMILY.

The Havannah! you touch me nearly—— Pray go on!

FLORIVAL.

In a ſtrange kingdom—alone—and a woman —what could I do? In order to defeat enquiries after me, I diſguiſed myſelf in this habit, and mixt with the officers of the place, but your brother ſoon diſcovered my uneaſineſs, and ſaw through my diſguiſe. I frankly confeſſed to him every particular of my ſtory; in conſequence of which, he has thus generouſly recommended me to your protection.

EMILY.

And you may depend on my friendſhip—— Your ſituation affects me ſtrangely.

FLORIVAL.

Oh! Madam, it is impoſſible to tell you half its miſeries: eſpecially ſince your brother has convinced me, that I am ſo liable to be diſcovered.

EMILY.

You ſhall throw off that dreſs as ſoon as poſſible, and then I will take you into the houſe with me and my ſiſter—In the mean time let me ſee you every day—every hour. I ſhall not be afraid that your viſits will affect my reputation.

FLORIVAL.

You are too good to me. [*weeping.*

EMILY.

EMILY.

Nay, this is too much. It overcomes me. Pray be chearful!

FLORIVAL.

I humbly take my leave.

EMILY.

Adieu! I ſhall expect you to dinner.

ELORIVAL.

I ſhall do myſelf the honour of waiting on you. [*Exit.*

EMILY *alone.*

Poor woman! I thought my own uneaſineſs almoſt inſupportable, and yet how much muſt her anxiety exceed mine!

Enter Bell.

BELL.

So, ſiſter! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young ſpark muſt be a favourite —You have had a *téte-à-téte* of above half an hour together.

EMILY.

How d'ye like him?

BELL.

Not at all: a ſoft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing ſtep, and a ſmooth chin. Where does this pretty maſter come from?

EMILY.

From my brother.

BELL.

Who is he?

EMILY.

A preſent to you.

BELL.

BELL.

A preſent to me! what d'ye mean?

EMILY.

Why, did not my brother promiſe to take care of you before he went abroad?

BELL.

Well! and what then?

EMILY.

What then! why he has taken care of you—Sent you a pretty fellow for a huſband.—Could he poſſibly take better care of you?

BELL.

A huſband!—a puppet, a doll, a——

EMILY.

A ſoldier, Bell! a red coat, conſider!

BELL.

A fine ſoldier indeed!—I can't bear to ſee a red coat cover any thing but a man, ſiſter!—Give me a ſoldier, that looks as if he cou'd love me and protect me; ay, and tame me too, if I deſerv'd it—If I was to have this thing for a husband, I wou'd ſet him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care ſhe did not break him.

EMILY.

Well, well; if this is the caſe, I don't know what my brother will ſay to you. Here's his letter! read it; and ſend him an anſwer yourſelf.

BELL *reads.*

Dear ſiſter, the bearer of this letter is a lady! So, ſo! your ſervant, madam!——and your's too, ſiſter!—*whoſe caſe is truly compaſſionate, and whom I moſt earneſtly recommend to your pro-*

tection,—um--um--um—*take care of her*—um--um--um—*not too many queſtions*—um--um—um---*in town in a few days.* I'll be whipped now, if this is not ſome miſtreſs of his.

EMILY.

No, no, Bell, I know her whole hiſtory; it is quite a little novel. She is a French woman, Mademoiſelle Florival, run away from her father at Belleiſle, and dying for an Engliſh gentleman at the Havannah.

BELL.

The Havannah!——Not for Col. Tamper, I hope, ſiſter!

EMILY.

If Col. Tamper had been at the taking of Belleiſle too, I ſhould have been frighted out of my wits about it.

BELL.

Suppoſe I ſhould bring you ſome news of him?

EMILY.

Of whom?

BELL.

Col. Tamper.

EMILY.

What do you mean?

BELL.

Only a card.

EMILY.

A card! from whom? What card?

BELL.

Oh! what a delightful flutter it puts her into!

EMILY.

Nay, but tell me?

BELL.

Well then——while your viſiter was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of ſending an anſwer to it.

EMILY.

Let me ſee it! Dear Bell, let me ſee it!

BELL.

Oh, it was nothing but "his compliments, "and deſiring to have the honour of waiting "on you any time this morning from Col. "Tamper."

EMILY.

From Col. Tamper!—What can this mean? I am ready to ſink with fear—Why does not he come himſelf?

BELL.

He's not arrived——Not come to town yet, ——I ſuppoſe.

EMILY.

Oh, Bell! I could ſuppoſe twenty things that terrify me to death.

BELL.

I think now ſuch a meſſage ought to put you quite out of your pain; he could not come from Col. Tamper, if there was no ſuch perſon in being.

EMILY.

Ay, but ſuppoſe any accident ſhould have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate is it to doat upon a man, whoſe profeſſion expoſes him hourly to the riſk of his life!

BELL.

Lord, Emily, how can you torment yourſelf with ſuch horrid imaginations? Beſides, ſhould the worſt come to the worſt——it is but a lover loſt, and that is a loſs eaſily repaired, you know.

EMILY.

Go, you mad-cap! but you'll pay for all this one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in for it yourſelf, Bell, you will know

that when a pure and diſintereſted paſſion fills the breaſt, when once a woman has ſet her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

BELL.

I admire your *ſetting your heart*, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not ſo romantic. You pitch upon a man of figure and fortune, handſome, ſenſible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profeſſion; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for, and then you talk, like a ſly prude, of your pure and diſintereſted paſſion.

EMILY.

Why then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a ſhilling in the world——if he was as miſerable as the utmoſt malice of ill fortune could make him, I would prefer Col. Tamper to the firſt duke in the kingdom.

BELL.

Oh, ſiſter! it is a mighty eaſy thing for perſons rolling in affluence, and a coach and ſix, to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

EMILY.

The coach and ſix, Bell, would give little happineſs to thoſe, who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has ſettled its affections, how mean is it to withdraw them from any paltry conſiderations of what nature ſoever!

BELL.

"I think the lady doth proteſt too much."

EMILY.

EMILY.

" Ay, but ſhe'll keep her word."

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Major Belford, Madam! [*Exit.*

EMILY.

Shew him in——Oh, Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehenſion!

Enter Major Belford.

BELFORD.

Ladies, your humble ſervant——[*ſalutes them.* I rejoice to find you ſo well.

BELL.

And we congratulate you, Major, on your ſafe return from the Havannah——How does your friend Col. Tamper do?

BELFORD.

He is very well, Madam! But——

EMILY.

But what, Sir!——I am frighted beyond expreſſion——Is he in England?

BELFORD.

Yes, Madam.

EMILY.

In town?

BELFORD.

Yes, Madam.

EMILY.

Why have not we the pleaſure of ſeeing him then?

BELFORD.

He'll be here immediately, Madam!——

EMILY.

Oh! well!

BELFORD.

But it was thought proper that I ſhould wait on you firſt, to prepare you for his reception.

EMILY.

To prepare me! what does he mean?

BELFORD.

Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, Madam!

EMILY.

Alarm'd! you terrify me more and more—what is the matter?

BELFORD.

Nay, nothing---A trifle---the mere chance of war---*la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it, that's all, madam!

EMILY.

I'm upon the rack—Dear Sir, explain!

BELFORD.

The Colonel, you know, Madam, is a man of ſpirit.——Having expoſed his perſon very gallantly in the ſeveral actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather diſagreeable circumſtances.

EMILY.

But is the Colonel well at preſent? Sir!

BELFORD.

Extremely well, Madam.

EMILY.

Are not the conſequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

BELFORD.

Not in the leaſt, Madam.

EMILY.

I am ſatisfied.——Pray go on, Sir!

BELFORD.

Do not you be alarmed, Madam!

EMILY.

Keep me no longer in ſuſpence, I beſeech you, Sir!

BELL.

What can all this mean?

BELFORD.

The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, Madam, were, one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In conſequence of the firſt, he was reduced to the neceſſity of ſaving his life by the loſs of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the ſight of an eye.

EMILY.

Oh, heavens! [*ready to faint.*

BELL.

Poor Emily! How could you be ſo abrupt, Sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her ſpirits.

BELFORD.

Excuſe me, Madam!——I was afraid of making you uneaſy; and yet it was neceſſary you ſhould be made acquainted with theſe circumſtances, previous to your ſeeing the Colonel.

EMILY.

EMILY, *recovering.*

Loſt a leg and an arm, did you ſay? Sir!

BELFORD.

No, not an arm——an eye, Madam!

EMILY.

An eye! worſe and worſe—poor Colonel!

BELFORD.

Rather unfortunate, to be ſure! But we ſhould conſider, Madam, that we have ſaved his life; and that theſe were ſacrifices neceſſary for its preſervation.

EMILY.

Very true. Ay-- ay---So as he has but his life, I am happy. And I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderneſs, but compaſſion.

BELFORD.

After all, Madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black ribband, is very little diſfigured; and he has got a falſe leg, made ſo naturally, that, except a ſmall hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his perſon, and deportment---beſides which, in point of health and ſpirits, he is particularly well.

EMILY.

I am glad of it.—But, alas! he whoſe perſon was ſo charming! — And then his eyes! that were ſo brilliant!—ſo full of ſenſibility!

BELFORD.

This accident, Madam, on his own account, gives him no uneaſineſs; to ſay the truth, he ſeems rather vain upon it; I could wiſh therefore,

fore, when he comes, that you wonld not ſeem too deeply affected, but rather aſſume an air of chearfulneſs, leſt any viſſible uneaſineſs in you ſhould ſhock the Colonel.

EMILY.

Poor Colonel! I know his ſenſibility. Let me *endeavour*, therefore, to convince him, that he is as dear to me as ever! Oh! yes, *coſt me what it will*, I muſt ſhew him that the preſervation of his life is an entire *conſolation* to me.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Col. Tamper, Madam!

EMILY.

Eh! what? [*diſordered.*

BELL.

Deſire the Colonel to walk up——Compoſe yourſelf, my dear!—Poor Emily! I am in pain for her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Col. TAMPER—*runs up to* EMILY.

TAMPER.

My deareſt Emily!—How happy am I to ſee you once again! I have brought back the honeſt heart and hand which I devoted to you; as to the reſt of my body, you ſee I did not care ſixpence what became of it. Miſs Bell, I rejoice to ſee you ſo well.—Major, I am your's —But my Emily———

EMILY.

Oh! Colonel. [*burſts into tears, and leans upon* Bell.

TAMPER.

How's this? Tears!

BELL.

You ſhould not have followed the Major ſo ſoon, Colonel, ſhe had ſcarce recovered the firſt ſhock from his intelligence.

TAMPER.

My impatience would ſuffer me to delay no longer.——Why do you weep ſo? Emily!——Are you ſorry to ſee me again?

EMILY.

Sorry to ſee you unfortunate. [*weeping.*

TAMPER.

Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate; I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily!

EMILY.

I am glad you have ſaved your life.

[*weeping.*

TAMPER.

I dare ſay you are; look on me, then! What not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maimed ſoldier? [*pauſing*] — Is it poſſible, then, that any little alteration of my perſon can occaſion a change in your ſentiments?

EMILY.

Never, Colonel, never! It is ſurely no mark of want of affection to be ſo much hurt at your misfortunes.

TAMPER.

Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all—none at all to a ſoldier—nothing but the ordinary incidents and common caſualties of his life—marks of honour—and tokens of valour—I declare I bear them about with me as the moſt honourable badges of my profeſſion—I am proud of them—I would not part with this wooden leg for the beſt fleſh and blood in Chriſtendom.

EMILY.

EMILY.

And can you really be ſo unconcerned at this accident?

TAMPER.

Really; and you ſhall be unconcerned too, Emily! You ſhall find more in me ſtill, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches. My trunk is heart of oak, and I ſhall thrive the better for it!

EMILY.

But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh, we muſt have the beſt advice—— Is the ſight quite loſt?

TAMPER.

Quite——Blind as a mill-horſe——blind as a beetle, Emily——but what does that ſignify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have loſt one eye, why, they ſay, I ſhall ſee the clearer with the other.

EMILY.

I cannot look at him without ſhuddering.

[*retires, and ſits down.*

BELL.

What action was it you ſuffered in? Colonel!

TAMPER.

Before the Moro caſtle, Ma'am, before the Moro——Hot work, hiſſing hot, by ſea and land, I aſſure you, Ma'am. Ah, the Moro, the Moro!——but if men go to run their heads againſt ſtone walls, they muſt expect to have a ſconce or two broken before they make their way through them——Eh! Major!

BELL.

Major Belford was with you?

TAMPER.

All the while. The Major and I fought ſide by ſide, cheek by jowl, 'till I fell, Ma'am! We paid the Dons——didn't we? Major!——But Velaſco! poor Velaſco! A fine, brave Don! muſt be owned—I had rather have died like Velaſco, than have lived to be Generaliſſimo.

BELL. *To* Emily.

How are you? Siſter!

TAMPER.

Nay, prithee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chaſe; a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy, might have maimed me ten times worſe for ever, or a palſy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a ſingle ſtroke——you muſt not take on thus——if you do, I ſhall be extremely uneaſy.

EMILY.

Excuſe me! I cannot help it—but be aſſured I eſteem you as much as ever, Sir!

TAMPER.

Eſteem! and *Sir!*---This is cold language---I have not been uſed to hear you talk in that ſtile, Emily!

EMILY.

I don't know what I ſay---I am not well---let me retire.

TAMPER.

When ſhall we name the happy day? I ſhall make ſhift to dance on that occaſion---though as Withrington fought---on my ſtumps, Emily! Tell me, when ſhall we be happy?

EMILY.

EMILY.

I grow more and more faint—lead me to my chamber, Bell.

BELL.

She is very ill---don't tieze her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her ſome repoſe!

TAMPER.

Ay, ay, a ſhort ſleep, and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare ſay---I will be here again ſoon, and adminiſter conſolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily!

EMILY.

Adieu!---Oh! Bell. [*Exit in tears with* Bell.

[*Manent Major* Belford *and Col.* Tamper.

TAMPER. [*aſſuming his natural air and manner.*

Ha, ha, ha! well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will ſhe ſtand the teſt, or no?

BELFORD.

If ſhe does, it is more than you deſerve; I could wiſh ſhe would give you up, with all my heart, if I did not think you would run ſtark mad with vexation.

TAMPER.

Why ſo?

BELFORD.

Becauſe, as I have often told you before, this is a moſt abſurd and ridiculous ſcheme, a mere trick to impoſe upon yourſelf, and muſt probably end in your loſing the affections of an amiable lady.

TAMPER

You know, Belford, there is an exceſs of ſenſibility in my temper———

BELFORD.

That will always make you unhappy.

TAM-

TAMPER.

Rather ſay it will enſure the future happineſs of my life. Before I bind myſelf to abide by a woman, at all events, and in all circumſtances, I muſt be aſſured that ſhe will at all events, and in all circumſtances, retain her affection for me.

BELFORD.

S'death, I have not patience to hear you. Have not you all the reaſon in the world to reſt aſſured, that Emily entertains a moſt ſincere paſſion for you?

TAMPER.

Perhaps ſo; but then I am not equally aſſured of the baſis on which that paſſion is founded.

BELFORD.

Her folly, I am afraid.

TAMPER.

Nay, but I am ſerious, Major.

BELFORD.

You are very ridiculous, Colonel!

TAMPER.

Well, well! it does not ſignify talking; I muſt be convinced that ſhe loves me *for my own ſake*, for *myſelf* alone; and that were I diveſted of every deſirable gift of fortune, and of nature, and ſhe was to be addreſſed by fifty others, who poſſeſſed them all in the moſt eminent degree, ſhe would ſtill continue to prefer me to all the reſt of mankind.

BELFORD.

Moſt precious refinement, truly! This is the moſt high-flown metaphyſics in ſentiment I ever heard in my life.——picked up in one of your expeditions to the coaſt of France, I ſuppoſe ——No plain Engliſhman ever dream'd of ſuch a whim

a whim——Love you for *yourſelf!* for *your own ſake!*——not ſhe truly.

TAMPER.

How then?

BELFORD.

Why, for her *own*, to be ſure—and ſo would any body elſe.—I am your friend, and love you as a friend; and why? becauſe I am glad to have commerce with a man of talents, honour, and honeſty. Let me once ſee you behave like a poltroon, or a villain, and you know I would cut your throat, Colonel!

TAMPER.

I don't doubt you, Major! But if ſhe don't love me for my *own* ſake, for *myſelf*, as I ſaid, how can I ever be certain, that ſhe will not transfer that love to another.

BELFORD.

For your *own* ſake! for *yourſelf* again! Why, what in the name of common ſenſe is this *ſelf* of yours, that you make ſuch a rout about? your birth, your fortune, your character, your talents, and perhaps, ſweet Colonel, that ſweet perſon of yours—all theſe may have taken her—and habitude, and continual intercourſe muſt encreaſe her partiality for them in you, more than in any other perſon. But after all, none of theſe things are *yourſelf*. You are but the ground, and theſe qualities are woven into your frame. Yet it is not the ſtuff, but the richneſs of the *work*, that ſtamps a value on the piece.

TAMPER.

Why this is downright ſermonizing, Major! Give you pudding ſleeves, and a grizzle wig, you might be chaplain to the regiment: Yet matrimony is a leap in the dark, indeed, if we cannot

cannot before-hand make ourſelves at all certain of the fidelity and affection of our wives.

BELFORD.

Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and muſt be ſo. You may play like a wary gameſter, 'tis true. I would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a woman in a conſumption; but there is no more anſwering for the continuance of her good diſpoſition, than that of her good health.

TAMPER.

Fine maxims! make uſe of them yourſelf: they won't ſerve me: A fine time, indeed, to experience a woman's fidelity—after marriage; a time when every thing conſpires to render it her intereſt to deceive you! No, no, no fool's paradiſe for me, Belford!

BELFORD.

A fool's paradiſe is better than a wiſeacre's purgatory.

TAMPER.

S'death, Belford, who comes here?—I ſhall be diſcovered. [*reſuming his counterfeit manner,*

Enter Prattle.

PRATTLE.

Gentlemen, your moſt obedient! mighty ſorry, extremely concerned to hear the lady's taken ill——I was ſent for in a violent hurry—Had forty patients to viſit——Reſolved to ſee her, however——Major Belford, I rejoice to ſee you in good health—— Have I the honour of knowing this gentleman?

[*pointing to* Tamper, *and going up to him.*

TAMPER

Hum! hum! [*limping away from* Prattle, *and putting his handkerchief to his face.*

BEL-

BELFORD.

An acquaintance of mine, Mr. Prattle!——You don't know him, I believe——A little hurt in the ſervice——that's all.

PRATTLE.

Accidents, accidents will happen——No leſs than ſeven brought into our infirmary yeſterday, and ten into the hoſpital.——Did you hear, Major Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm laſt night, by an overturn, from her horſes taking fright among the vaſt crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout: and yeſterday morning, Sir Helter Skelter, who is ſo remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone, by a fall from his own coach-box.

TAMPER.

Pox on his chattering! I wiſh he'd be gone. [*apart to* Belford.

BELFORD.

But your fair patient, Mr. Prattle!——I am afraid we detain you.

PRATTLE.

Not at all: I attend her immediately. [*going, returns.*]—You have not heard of the change in the miniſtry?

TAMPER.

Pſhaw!

BELFORD.

I have.

PRATTLE.

Well, well!— [*going, returns*] Lady Sarah Melville brought to-bed within theſe two hours! a boy:——Gentlemen, your ſervant, your very humble ſervant! [*Exit.*

TAMPER.

Chattering jackanapes!

BELFORD.

So! the apothecary's come already — we ſhall have a conſultation of phyſicians, the knocker tied up, and ſtraw laid in the ſtreet ſhortly.—— But are not you aſhamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneaſineſs?

TAMPER.

No matter——I'll make her ample amends at laſt:—what could poſſeſs them to ſend for this blockhead? He'll make her worſe and worſe. He will abſolutely talk her to death.

BELFORD.

Oh, the puppy's in faſhion, you know.

TAMPER.

It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-goſſip, and any thing he knows might as well be publiſhed in the Daily Advertiſer. But come, for fear of diſcovery, we had better decamp for the preſent. March!

BELFORD.

You'll expoſe yourſelf confoundedly, Tamper.

TAMPER.

Say no more! I am reſolved to put her affection to the trial. If ſhe's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along! [*going.*

BELFORD.

Tamper!

TAMPER.

Oh, I am lame! I forget. [*limping.*

BELFORD.

Lord! lord! what a fool ſelf-love makes of a man! [*Exeunt,*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Emily's *dreſſing Room.*

Emily, Bell, Prattle, *ſitting.*

BELL.

I Think you ſeem to be a good deal recovered, Emily.

EMILY.

I am much better than I was, I thank you; heigho!

PRATTLE.

Ay, ay, I knew we ſhould be better by and by.——Theſe little nervous diſorders are very common all over the town—merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole ſyſtem.——The poor ducheſs of Porcelain has had a fever on her ſpirits theſe three weeks: Lady Teizer's caſe is abſolutely hyſterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almoſt half mad with lowneſs of ſpirits, head-aches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind.

EMILY.

Pray, Mr. Prattle, how does poor Miſs Crompton do?

PRATTLE.

Never better, Ma'am! ſomebody has removed her diſorder, by preſcribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miſs Richman, the hundred thouſand pound fortune, is quite off, and ſo, Ma'am, Miſs Crompton is perfectly well again.——By the bye too, ſhe

ſhe has another reaſon to rejoice; for her couſin Miſs Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old-maidiſh, as we ſay, Ma'am, made a ſudden conqueſt of Mr. Bumper, a Lancaſhire gentleman of a great eſtate, who came up to town for the Chriſtmaſs, and they were married at Miſs Crompton's yeſterday evening.

BELL.

Is it true, Mr. Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the ſouth of France for the recovery of his health?

PRATTLE.

Very true, Ma'am, very true, that he's going, I promiſe you; but not for the recovery of his health; Sir John's well enough himſelf, but his affairs are in a galloping conſumption, I aſſure you. No leſs than two executions in his houſe. I heard it for fact at Lady Modiſh's. Poor gentleman! I have known his chariot ſtand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning: He has had a ſad run a long time, but that laſt affair at Newmarket totally undid him.—Pray, ladies, have you heard the ſtory of Alderman Mancheſter's lady?

BELL.

Oh, no. Pray what is it?

PRATTLE.

A terrible ſtory indeed.—Eloped from her huſband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it ſeems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman purſued them to Harwich, and catched them juſt as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a proſecution, but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thouſand pounds,

pounds, and ſo the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

BELL.

I vow, Mr. Prattle, you are extremely amuſing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

PRATTLE.

Can't avoid picking up a few ſlight anecdotes, to be ſure, Ma'am—Go into the beſt houſes in town---Attend the firſt families in the kingdom ---Nobody better received---Nobody takes more care---Nobody tries to give more ſatisfaction.

BELL.

Is there any public news of any kind, Mr. Prattle?

PRATTLE.

None at all, Ma'am—except that the Officers are moſt of them return'd from the Havannah.

EMILY.

So we hear, Sir!

PRATTLE.

I ſaw Colonel Tamper yeſterday. O, ay! and Major Belford, and another gentleman as I came in here this morning.

BELL.

That was Colonel Tamper, Sir.

PRATTLE.

That gentleman, Col. Tamper; Ma'am!

BELL.

Yes, Sir!

PRATTLE.

Pardon me, Ma'am! I know Col. Tamper very well.—That poor gentleman was ſomewhat diſabled—had ſuffered a little in the wars--- Col. Tamper is not ſo unfortunate.

EMILY.

O yes, that horrid accident!

PRATTLE.

What accident?

BELL.

His wounds---his wounds---don't you know, Sir?

PRATTLE.

Wounds! Ma'am---Upon my word, I never heard he had received any.

BELL.

No! why he loſt a leg and an eye at the ſiege of the Havannah.

PRATTLE.

Did he? Why then, Ma'am, I'll be bold to ſay he is the luckieſt man in the world.

BELL.

Why ſo? Sir!

PRATTLE.

Becauſe, Ma'am, if he loſt a leg and an eye at the Havannah, they muſt be grown again, or he has ſomehow procured others, that do the buſineſs every whit as well.

EMILY.

Impoſſible!

PRATTLE.

I wiſh I may die, Ma'am, if the Colonel had not yeſterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he loſt one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in phyſic ſhould be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelſea Hoſpitals.

EMILY.

Are you ſure that the Colonel has had no ſuch loſs? Sir.

PRATTLE.

As ſure as that I am here, Ma'am! I ſaw him gonig

going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambaſſador's, juſt over againſt my houſe, yeſterday: and the laſt place I was at this morning was Mrs. Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her rout laſt night, and that every body thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition.——But odſo! lack-a-day, lack-a-day, lack-a-day!—now I recollect—ha! ha! ha!

[*laughing very heartily.*

BELL.

What's the matter? Mr. Prattle.

PRATTLE.

Excuſe me, Ladies! I can't forbear laughing—Ha! ha! ha!—The gentleman in t'other room, Colonel Tamper!—ha! ha! ha!—I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a viſit in maſquerade this morning——I ſpoke to Major Belford——I thought I knew his friend too—But he limped away, and hid his face, and wou'd not ſpeak to me.——Upon my word, he did it very well! I could have ſworn there had been an amputation——He would make a figure at a maſked ball. Ha! ha! ha!

EMILY. BELL.

Ha! ha! ha!

[*looking to each other, and affecting at laugh.*

PRATTLE.

Ha! ha! ha! very comical ha! ha! ha!

BELL.

A frolick, Mr. Prattle, a frolick! I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

PRATTLE.

Me! I ſhall never breathe it, Madam! I am cloſe as oak—an abſolute free-maſon for ſecrecy——But, Ma'am, [*riſing*] I muſt bid you good morning—I have ſeveral patients to viſit, before dinner.—Mrs. Tremor, I know, will be dying with

with the vapours till ſhe ſees me; and I am to meet Doctor Valerian at Lord Hectick's in leſs than half an hour.

EMILY.

Ring the bell, my dear—Mr. Prattle, your ſervant.

PRATTLE.

Ladies, your very humble ſervant!—I ſhall ſend you a cordial mixture, Ma'am, to be taken in any particular faintneſs, or lowneſs of ſpirits, and ſome draughts for morning and evening. Have a care of catching cold, be cautious in your diet, and I make no doubt but in a few days we ſhall be perfectly recovered.——Ladies, your ſervant! your moſt obedient, very humble ſervant! [*Exit.*

[*The ladies ſit for ſometime ſilent.*

BELL. [*After a pauſe.*

Siſter Emily!

EMILY.

Siſter Bell!

BELL.

What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now? ſiſter!

EMILY.

Why, I am ſo provoked, and ſo pleaſed! ſo angry, and ſo diverted! that I dont know whether I ſhould be in, or out of humour, at this diſcovery.

BELL.

No!——Is it poſſible you can have ſo little ſpirit? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine ſtory at every houſe he goes into---It will be town talk——If a lover of mine had attempted to put ſuch an impudent deceit upon me, I would never ſee his face again.

EMILY.

If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite ſo violent.

BELL.

BELL.

Indeed but I ſhould. What! to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you!—To gratify his inordinate vanity, in caſe you ſhould retain your affection for him! or to reproach you for your weakneſs and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourſelf to him on that ſuppoſition!

EMILY.

It is abominably provoking I own; and yet, Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the ſtory.

BELL.

Well, I never knew one of theſe men of extraordinary ſenſe, as they are called, that was not in ſome inſtances a greater fool than the reſt of mankind.

EMILY.

After all, Bell, I muſt confeſs that this ſtratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This ſuppoſed accident began to make ſtrange work with me.

BELL.

I ſaw that plain enough. I told you what your *pure and diſintereſted paſſion*, ſiſter, would come to, long ago.—Yet this is ſo flagrant an affront, I would make him ſmart for it ſome way or other; I would not marry him theſe ſeven years.

EMILY.

That perhaps might be puniſhing myſelf, ſiſter.

BELL.

We muſt plague him, and heartily too. Oh, for a bright thought now, ſome charming invention to torment him!

EMILY.

Oh, as to that matter, I ſhould be glad to have ſome comical revenge on him with all my heart.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Captain Johnſon, Ma'am!

EMILY.

Deſire him to walk up. [*Exit ſervant.*] I am fit to ſee any company now. ——This diſcovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr. Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

BELL.

Oh you're in charming ſpirits, ſiſter!——But Captain Johnſon! you abound in the military, Captains, Colonels, and Majors, by wholeſale: who is Captain Johnſon? pray!

EMILY.

Only the name that Mademoiſelle Florival, the Belleiſle lady you ſaw this morning, goes by.

BELL.

Oh, ſiſter, the luckieſt thought in the world ——Such an uſe to make of this lady!

EMILY.

What d'ye mean?

BELL.

Captain Johnſon ſhall be Colonel Tamper's rival, ſiſter!

EMILY.

Huſh! here ſhe is.

Enter

Enter Mademoiſelle Florival.

EMILY.

Give me leave, Madam, to introduce you to my ſiſter.

BELL.

I have heard your ſtory, Madam, and take part in your misfortunes.

FLORIVAL.

I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that Lady, Madam.

EMILY.

Oh! Madam, I have been extremely ill ſince you was here this morning, and terrified almoſt beyond imagination.

FLORIVAL.

I am very ſorry to hear it; may I aſk what has alarmed you?

EMILY.

It is ſo ridiculous, I ſcarce know how to tell you.

BELL.

Then I will. You muſt know, Ma'am, that my ſiſter was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition. He is juſt returned, but is come home with the ſtrangeſt conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my ſiſter's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and has actually viſited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have juſt now detected the impoſition, and want your aſſiſtance to be pleaſantly revenged on him.

FLORIVAL.

I cannot bring myſelf to be an advocate for the Lady's cruelty——But you may both command me in any thing.

EMILY.

There is no cruelty in the caſe I fear; I am gone too far for that. As you are in appearance ſuch a ſmart young gentleman, my ſiſter has waggiſhly propoſed to make you the inſtrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealouſy, by your perſonating the character of a ſuppoſed rival.—Was not that your device? ſiſter!

BELL.

It was; and if this Lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tieze the wiſe colonel, and make him ſick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

FLORIVAL.

I have been a mad girl in my time, I confeſs, and remember when I ſhould have joined in ſuch a frolick with pleaſure. At preſent, I fear I am ſcarce miſtreſs enough of my temper, to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will ſummon up all my ſpirits, and do my beſt to oblige you.

BELL.

Oh! you will have but little to do——The buſineſs will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily.—You muſt be moſt intolerably provoking——If you do but irritate him ſufficiently, we ſhall have charming ſport with him.

EMILY.

Never fear me, Bell. Mr. Prattle's intelligence has given me ſpirits equal to any thing——Now I know it is but a trick, I ſhall ſcarce be able to ſee him limping about without laughing.——

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Colonel Tamper, Madam!

EMILY.

EMILY.

Shew him in! [*Exit ſervant.*]——Now ladies!

BELL

Now, ſiſter!—Work him heartily, cut him to the bone, I charge you.——If you ſhew him the leaſt mercy, you are no woman.

Enter Colonel Tamper.

TAMPER

This it is to have new ſervants! Not at home indeed!——A pack of blockheads, to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear ſoul was a little out of order indeed,—but—— [*ſeeing* Florival.] I beg pardon, Madam! I did not know you had company.

BELL.

Oh, this gentleman is a particular friend of my ſiſter's——He is let in at any time.

TAMPER.

Hum! [*diſordered.*

EMILY.

I did not expect to ſee you return ſo ſoon, Sir!

TAMPER.

No——I believe I am come ſomewhat unexpectedly indeed, Madam!

EMILY.

If your return had not been ſo extremely precipitate, Sir, I ſhould have ſent you a meſſage on purpoſe to prevent your giving yourſelf that trouble.

TAMPER.

Madam! a meſſage! for what reaſon?

EMILY.

Becauſe I am otherwiſe engaged.

[*with indifference.*

TAM-

TAMPER.

Engaged! I don't apprehend you, Madam!

EMILY.

No! you are extremely dull then; don't you ſee I have company?——Was you at the opera laſt night? Captain Johnſon!

[*coquetting with* Florival.

TAMPER.

I am thunder-ſtruck.—Madam! Miſs Emily! ——Madam!

EMILY.

Sir!——Colonel Tamper!——Sir!

TAMPER.

I ſay, Madam!———

EMILY.

Sir!

TAMPER.

S'death! I have not power to ſpeak to her.—This ſtrange and ſudden alteration in your behaviour, Madam———

EMILY.

Alteration! none at all, Sir: the change is on your ſide, not mine. I'll be judged by this gentleman.—Captain Johnſon, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he ſat for juſt before he went abroad——done by a good hand, and reckoned a ſtriking likeneſs.——Did you ever ſee a poor creature ſo altered? [*giving a bracelet.*

FLORIVAL.

Why, really, Madam, there is, I muſt own, a very viſible difference at preſent—That black ribband [*looking by turns on the picture and Col.* Tamper] makes a total eclipſe of the brilliancy of this right eye—and then the irregular motion of the leg, gives ſuch a twiſt to the reſt of the body, that———

TAM-

TAMPER.

Sir!———But it is to you I addreſs myſelf at preſent, Madam!—I was once fond and fooliſh enough to imagine, that you had a heart truly generous and ſenſible, and flattered myſelf that it was above being ſhaken by abſence, or affected by events.—How have I been deceived! I find that——

EMILY.

Pardon me, Sir! I never deceived you:—nay, you ſee that I diſdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day.—Out of reſpect to our late mutual attachment, I am reſolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, every thing between us muſt now be at an end.

TAMPER.

Confuſion!——Every thing at an end! and can you, you, Emily, have the courage to tell me ſo?

EMILY.

Why not? Come, come, Col. Tamper, vanity is your *blind ſide*.

TAMPER.

Zounds, Madam!

EMILY.

Don't be in a paſſion!——Do but conſider the matter calmly: and though it may rather be diſpleaſing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumſtances, I'm ſure you muſt do me the juſtice to acknowledge my ſincerity.

TAMPER.

I ſhall run mad——Is it poſſible, Emily!—Sincerity do you call this?—— Diſſimulation, —damn'd diſſimulation.

EMILY.

EMILY.

Have patience, Sir! The loſs of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me! but how can I reconcile myſelf to this mangling of your figure?——Let me turn the tables on you for a moment! ſuppoſe now, Colonel, that I had been ſo unfortunate as to have loſt a leg and an eye, ſhould you, d'ye think, have retained your affection inviolable for me?

TAMPER.

Falſe, falſe woman! — Have a care, Emily! have a care, I ſay, or you'll deſtroy your fame and happineſs for ever.—Conſider what you are doing, e'er you make a final reſolution.—You'll repent your inconſtancy, I tell you beforehand—Upon my ſoul you will—You'll have more reaſon to repent it, than you can poſſibly imagine!

EMILY.

Why will you oblige me now to ſay ſhocking things to you? It goes againſt me to tell you ſo, but I can't even ſee you now, without horror; nay, was I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer my diſguſt.—It would be a moſt unnatural connection.—Wou'd not it? Captain Johnſon!

TAMPER.

Hell! s'death! confuſion!—How ſteadily ſhe perſiſts in her perfidy! Madam! — Madam!—I ſhall choak with rage——But one word, and I am gone for ever—for ever, for ever! Madam!

EMILY.

What would you ſay? Sir!

TAMPER.

Tell me then—and tell me truly! Have not you received the addreſſes of that gentleman!

EMILY.

EMILY.

He has honoured me with them, I confeſs, Sir! And every circumſtance is ſo much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you——But ſince your ill fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to liſten to him.

TAMPER.

Matchleſs confidence!—mighty well, Madam! —It is not then the misfortunes that have befallen me, but the charms you have found in that gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

FLORIVAL.

Well, Sir! and what then? Sir! The Lady, I preſume is not included, like an old manſion-houſe, in the rent-roll of your eſtate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is ſtill her own property, and ſhe may beſtow it on you, or me, or any body elſe, juſt as ſhe pleaſes.

TAMPER.

You are a villain, Sir!—Withdraw!

BELL.

Oh, heavens! here will be murder — don't ſtir, I beg you, Sir!

FLORIVAL.

O never fear me, Madam! am not ſuch a paltroon as to contend with that gentleman—— Do you think I would ſet my ſtrength and ſkill againſt a poor blind man, and a cripple?

TAMPER.

Follow me, Sir! I'll ſoon teach you to uſe your own legs.

FLORIVAL.

Oh the ſturdy beggar! ſtir your ſtumps, and begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

TAMPER.

Villain!

FLORIVAL.

Poor man!

TAMPER.

Scoundrel!

FLORIVAL.

Pr'ythee, man, don't expoſe yourſelf.

TAMPER.

Puppy!

FLORIVAL.

Poor wretch!

EMILY.

What, quarrel before Ladies? oh, for ſhame, Colonel!

TAMPER.

This is beyond all ſufferance. I can contain no longer——Know then, Madam, [*to* Emily] to your utter confuſion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me——You may ſee, Madam!—— [*reſuming his natural manner.*

EMILY. BELL. FLORIVAL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! *laughing violently.*

EMILY.

A wonderful cure of lameneſs and blindneſs ——Your caſe is truly curious, Sir!—and atteſted by three credible witneſſes——Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

TAMPER.

Madam! Madam!——

FLORIVAL.

I think the ſtory would make a figure in the Philoſophical Tranſactions.

TAMPER.

Sir!

BELL.

A pretty leg, indeed!——Will you dance a minuet with me? Colonel!

EMILY.

EMILY.

Your wounds are not mortal? I hope, Colonel!

TAMPER

No, Madam! my perſon, I thank heaven, is ſtill unhurt.——I have my legs, both legs, Madam, and I will uſe them to tranſport me as far as poſſible from ſo falſe a woman—I have my eyes, too—my eyes, Madam!—but they ſhall never look on you again, but as the moſt faithleſs and ungrateful of your ſex.

EMILY.

If I'm not ſurpriſed how he could act it ſo well. Pray let us ſee you do it over again, Colonel!—How was it. Eh! [*mimicking.*] hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volſcious, I think.

TAMPER.

I took that method, Madam, to try your truth, conſtancy and affection. I have found you void of all thoſe qualities, and ſhall have reaſon to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

EMILY.

If you meant to ſeparate yourſelf from me, you have indeed taken an excellent method. And a mighty proof you have given of your *own* affection, truly! Inſtead of returning after an anxious abſence, with joy into my preſence, to come home with a low and mean ſuſpicion, with a narrow jealouſy of my mind, when the frankneſs and generoſity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repoſe the moſt unlimited confidence in me.

TAMPER.

The event, Madam, has but too well warranted my experiment.

EMILY.

And ſhall juſtify it, Sir, ſtill more: for here before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman; ſolemnly declaring that it ſhall never be in your power to diſſolve the connexion formed between us.

TAMPER.

As to you, Madam, your infidelity be your puniſhment.——But that gentleman ſhall hear from me.

FLORIVAL.

I defy you, Sir!

EMILY.

Nothing farther remains between us——leave me, Sir!

TAMPER.

I am gone, Madam! and ſo help me heaven, never, never to return—— [*going.*

Enter Maj. Belford.

BELFORD.

How! going in a paſſion!—Hold, Tamper—All in confuſion!—I thought ſo——and came to ſet matters to rights again.

FLORIVAL.

What do I ſee! Major Belford! Major Belford! Oh! [*faints.*

BELFORD.

Ha! my name! and fainting! What can this mean? [*runs and takes her in his arms*] by heavens, a woman! May I hope that——Hold, ſhe recovers—It is, it is ſhe, my dear Florival herſelf, and we ſhall ſtill be happy.

TAMPER.

Belford's Belleiſle Lady, as I live! my rival a woman! I begin to feel myſelf very ridiculous.

BELFORD.

BELFORD.

What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

FLORIVAL.

Oh, Sir, I have a long ſtory to relate. At preſent let it ſuffiice to ſay, that that Lady's brother has been the nobleſt of friends to me, and ſhe herſelf this morning generouſly vouchſafed to take me under her protection.

BELFORD.

I am bound to them for ever. At my return I found letters from your father, who, ſuppoſing you was in England with me, wrote to acquaint me, that he was inconſolable for your loſs, and that he would conſent to our union, if I would but aſſure him that you was ſafe and well. ——The next poſt ſhall acquaint him of our good fortune.——Well, Tamper! am not I a lucky fellow?

TAMPER.

Oh, Belford!—I am the moſt miſerable dog in the world.

BELFORD.

What, you have dropt your maſk, I ſee—— you're on your own legs again—I met Prattle in the ſtreet—He ſtopt his chariot to ſpeak to me about you, and I found that he had blown you up, and diſcovered to the Ladies, that you was returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

TAMPER.

Did that coxcomb betray me? that accounts for all Emily's behaviour——Oh, Major! I am ruined paſt redemption — I have behaved moſt extravagantly, both to your Lady and Emily. I ſhall never be able to look them in the face again.

BELFORD.

Ay, ay, I foreſaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expoſe yourſelf confoundedly? However, I'll be an advocate for you—My Florival ſhall be an advocate for you, and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

EMILY.

Does he deſerve it? Major!

BELFORD.

Why, Madam, I can't ſay much for him---or myſelf either, faith---we muſt rely entirely on your goodneſs.

FLORIVAL.

He's a true penitent, I ſee, Madam! and I'll anſwer for it, he loves you to exceſs.---Nay look on him!

EMILY.

Was it well done, Colonel, to cheriſh a mean diſtruſt of me? to trifle with the partiality I had ſhewn to you? and to endeavour to give me pain, merely to ſecure a poor triumph over my weakneſs to yourſelf?

TAMPER.

I am aſhamed to anſwer you.

BELL.

Aſhamed! and ſo you well may indeed!——

TAMPER.

I ſee my abſurdity—all I wiſh is to be laughed at, and forgiven.

BELFORD.

A very reaſonable requeſt!—Come Madam, pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

FLORIVAL.

Let us prevail on you, dear Madam!

EMILY.

EMILY.

Well—now I ſee he is moſt heartily mortified, I am half inclined to pity him.

TAMPER.

Generous Emily!

BELL.

Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than you deſerve. [*To* Tamper.

TAMPER.

It ſhall be the future ſtudy of my life to deſerve this pardon. [*kiſſing her hand*] Belford! I give you joy——Madam, [*To* Florival] I have behaved ſo ill to you, I ſcarce know how to give you joy as I ought.

BELFORD.

Come, come, no more of this at preſent——Now we have on all ſides ratified the preliminaries, let us ſettle the definitive treaty as ſoon as we can—We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper——I have been fortunate in finding my miſtreſs, and you as fortunate in not loſing yours.

TAMPER.

So we have, Belford: and I wiſh every brave officer in his majeſty's ſervice had ſecured to himſelf ſuch comfortable winter-quarters, as we have, after a glorious campaign.

THE END.

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